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Omnia vincit amor.

THE PRINCESS OF MA:
:DAGASCAR

Night closed on the plains of Ibrahim. The white tents scattered around were the only objects which met the eye of de Boval as he stood in the door of his marquí and half mistrusting, yet without knowing why, endeavoured to pierce with his keen glance, the "palpable obscure." The horrid shrieks of the Mauritian harpy though it could not affright him, made him shrink back with horror. The

distant crowing of their pirate bird, to
broke at intervals the silence. Half
doubting, and half reproaching himself
for want of confidence, de Foval retired
to rest. He commended himself to the
God of his fathers and sunk upon his
couch. Scarce had he closed his eyes
when his quick ear caught the
sound of an approaching footstep. He
half rose up and listened with fixed
and anxious attention. The midnight
wanderer approached still nearer and
nearer - the tread was light as that
of a concealed assassin should be -
de Foval grasped his pistols and
waited for the event. Suddenly
a figure darted into the hut - but
O! how different from what his
fears anticipated! A female figure
tall and commanding, yet petite and
irresistibly lovely, exquisitely proportioned

tioned and adding still more by native grace to her beauty, startled upon his sight. Her complexion bespoke her a native of Madagascar - but she had only received a shade of the tawny hue of her countrymen, whose polished brilliancy and taste might have purpled to the colour of the Europeans. The majesty which shone conspicuously in her countenance had marked her as a being of another sphere, if love that lurked in her darkly rolling eye, had not betrayed the mortal. A simple mantle thrown carelessly over her form and fastened at the shoulder scarce concealed one perfection from the view, and as the taper's waving beams played over the vision each grace rapidly succeeded and blen

ded with each other - As when the
prince of the feathered tribe of his
country sails in the clear and liquid
air, waving in the eye of heaven
his glorious plumage, each brilliant
tint so closely bordering on and min-
gling its hues with the next, and chan-
ging and shifting its size and situ-
-ation in a moment, the dazzled spec-
tator can not catch one fleeting
shade before its brightness is merged
its glory quenched in the transient
lustre of another.

Such was the bridesmaid intru-
der - such the daughter of
and princess of Madagascar.
Her arms dropt from the astonished
and the delighted ~~guest~~ de Forest
and for a moment, forgetful as
well of the singularity of the cir-

:ting, as the allegiance his heart had
vowed to another fair one, the fervent
glances of his eye, wandered over the
vision before him.

The Princess first broke the silence
"Stranger" said she. "I perceive your
astonishment at seeing me at this
unseasonable hour, and no doubt
the delicate ideas of your country:
:men, would not support me in me:
:being such a visit. But the occasion
is too pressing, to suffer any mean
consideration to prevent the disclo:
:sure I must now make you. Your
life is in danger— "

She paused and the blush of
conscious impropriety mantled for
a moment on her cheek.

"I can save you — but on one
sole condition; — that you will take

me with you to your own country, and there make me your wife."

De Foval started - paused - and exclaimed "It cannot be."

The features of the Princess shewed her mortification; but pride came to her relief. The sudden and reciprocal rejection of her offer, for a moment made her hesitate between an immediate departure and leaving him to his fate, or giving him information of his impending destruction. Pity and love were however triumphant. She lingered on the spot, and de Foval had time to listen to Entreat.

"Princess" he exclaimed "I would by no means deceive you. After your gracious and generous interference to rescue me from death,

if I could harbour such a thought I - would be unworthy to live. But I am pledged to unite my fate with another in my own country - death may overtake me here, but faithlessness shall never make life odious or death terrible."

"I now find "returned she" that when I regarded you as the first of men in beauty of person, I was not deceived as to the superior excellencies of your mind. Go then and be happy with her, who is destined to be your bride. To morrow, when the king my father makes his visit, he will come first alone - his soldiers will follow soon after. If he breaks the stick he has with him and throws it towards them, they will retire. But if he

points to you, they will attack you and murder all your followers. Take your measures accordingly. Two things alone I ask in return – do not injure my father – and sometimes think of me."

"Incomparable woman" replied de Feroal, "when I forget thee, may peace forget to visit my heart for=ever! And here I bind myself by a solemn vow – that if by any means I am released from my engagements at home, I will return and devote the remainder of my life to you, if you" are yet single, and yet willing to accept of my poor services."

"I ask no more" said the Prin=cess – and swift as light she de=parted. Her gentle head was

scarcely heard on the plain, and again in safety, she reached the abode of her father.

De Foval had been destined from his youth to be united to a daughter of his father's friend - with this expectation constantly held up and regarded as fixed, he had looked upon his future wife, in childhood with playful regard, in youth with as much passion as youth feels for every handsome woman, in manhood with complacency and with esteem. But yet it was not Love. He had however never seen any woman in Europe whom he liked better, and it is not to be supposed that among the generality of the sooty ones of Madagascar, his heart was in much danger. Of the state of his feelings now,

it is as unnecessary to attempt a description as it would be impossible to succeed. The imminent danger, almost expelled every other thought, and when he retired from the cares of the leader, to his own individual condition, he found a chaos, from which he was glad to escape even in the feverish calculations of hope and fear.

Sleep was a stranger to him during the whole of that anxious night. Fain would he have launched his wearied bark on the dull stream of oblivion, but still it hugged the shore, when all the world broke in with its uncouth cares and troubles. He rose from a thorny couch ere the rest of his comrades were stirring. To shun suspicion he went in silence and with caution, communicated

his scheme to the inferior officers & trusting in fortitude and discipline, waited in confidence for the event....

paid his morning visit early. Frankness and condescension were forced into the dark visage of the hoary traitor; but yet in spite of his effort he often shrunk back from beneath the keen and penetrating glances of De Foval. He cast his eyes behind from time to time, and his companion well understood the reason at length his troops were seen approaching. The king turned round, when they were within a hundred yards or less of the tent and stood regarding them with pride as they advanced. "Have I not" said he "a greater monarch than the king of France?" "Royal greatness" replied de Foval consents

in true generosity." The King feigned indifference to this remark.

This was the critical moment. Our hero drew from his pocket a whistle, and as the king breaking his stick threw it upon the ground, its shrill sonorous note resounded through the encampment. Scarce had it died away upon the ears of the terror struck, guilty prince, when he was surrounded by the soldiers of de Favoral. His own rushed on — but their chief was in safe keeping.

The leader seized him by the throat and drew from his girdle a pistol. Then addressing himself to the subjects who had made a halt in doubtful uncertainty, he assured them that if they did not all retire, far from the encampment

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the life of their chiefs should pay the immediate forfeit of dis obedience. If they did he promised them safety. He gallly and trembling himself seconded his request. The numbers of the natives exceeded those of the Frenchmen five fold; but they retired with hanging looks and in disorder.

The Europeans then sought their ship, guarding the guilful prince. When all were safely on board De Forval released him - and then gave him his farewell adieus.

"It is not for your own sake that I have suffered you to depart in peace; for that favour you may thank another, who is more dear to me than life itself. I came in the confidence of peaceful intention

you met me with the blackness of your colours mixing your heart's core. Farewell! but when again I come, it will not be to be ensnared – but to conquer, to treat – but to dictate."

The vessel ploughed the waves of the heaving main, but a mightier tempest lorded over the ocean of the human heart. And winds and waves lashed to fury the soul of the distracted leader. Now, for the first time, he knew, he felt that he loved, where he could not succeed without violating his sacred word – of course where hope was an utter stranger. And as they came still nearer to the land, where once he could have wished to live and die, for which in distant clime he sighed so ardently, he alone

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wished, that to be freed from his suspense and racking torments, it would afford him the last shelter, that common home, the grave. And as its distant shores appeared, just mingling with the misty clouds above these strains were wafted along the waters, and greeted the country of his birth.

THE PASSIONS OF A DISTRACTED MAN.

I have heard in foreign lands
That the wounded dead arose
Bursting from funereal bands
When the shades of evening close
Rising them a fearful sight
Spreading wide their bloody wing,
Ere the fabled sons of night
Fit their awful errand bring.
Kindred blood must be their food,
They must mark the writhing frame
Wild red gore must gorge their taste
Till expired the vital flame.
Thus when in her winding sheet
Hope lies fast forever bound,

And the dream so soft and sweet
In the lunar realms is found-
Still the shade of hopeless love
Preys upon the tortured heart,
And the vision she hath wove
Never can be doomed to part.
Wittering there, the flame doth waver-
What can cure the wounds smart?
Nothing ah! can ever save her,
For she cherishes the dart!
Fine! thy wings distil no balm!
Clasp'd within a wife's embrace
Should each raging wave be calm
Every storm of sorrow cease-
But the soul is far away
And a faithful consort charms
Vainly all their pride display,
Do shed in monumental arms.
There the earth-born clay reposes
But the ocean rolls between,
And a distant clime discloses
When the spirit still hath been.
Pledges of the tie not whole,
Springing, harmless tokes, from when

Not the offspring of the soul,
But the children of the sense.
Say shall light to you be given
Burning and unquenchable,
Bearing the high stamp of heaven
Triumphing o'er death & hell.
Say, shall feeling high & keen,
Say, shall genius bright & great,
Fire the soul that reared hath been
From such broken, heartless state
God of mercy! ease my woe!
Spare, o spare, my tortured brain.
God of Thunder! strike the blow
Dash me back to dust again!

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